

## HAVING MY CAKE

Sometimes I take my Racing Form into The 4 Star Lounge. I know some of the people who are liable to show at 6:01 in the morning and when they do, we can play the game.

Chi Chi presides, beating me in the door by a full 30 seconds. Chi Chi's skirt is half unzipped and his legs are stubbly. Some hip people call that gorilla drag. Chi Chi just calls it tacky.

Guido The Prostate comes in about half past, then Moses with his obligatory Spade Special Magnavox, so the game begins:

\$2 at 99-1 is \$200.00, put back at 99-1 is \$20,000.00, put back at 99-1 is 2 million and change. All for a simple 3 horse parlay.

Moses has some whiskey so raw it makes the beer boil, but it takes us to the next plateau: What would we do with the money?

Guido wants 200 ladies, all on Spanish fly. Moses wants a walk-in receiver. Chi Chi only wants to have her legs shaved in the Biltmore Barber Shop.

And me?

"I'd hire somebody to teach my 10:00 o'clock comp class.

They all laugh. "You silly son of a bitch, that is the craziest thing I ever heard."

I guess it does sound crazy, so I laugh, too, and we all have another beer.